

THE
Meeting of Gallants
at an Ordinarie :

OR
The Walkes in Powles.



LONDON

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Lawe, dwelling in Paules Church-
yard. 1604.





A Dialogue betweene

Warre, Famine, and the Pestilence,
blazing their severall Euills.

The *Genius* of VVarre.

Famine and Pestilence, Colwarde of Hell,
What strike in peace, when the whole world's vniarmed:
Tripping by soules of Beggars, limbleesse wretches,
Hole-stopping Prisoners, miserable Catchpoles,
Whom one vocation stabs, dare you furie
Confront the Ghost of crimson passing Warre?
Thou bleake-cheekt wretch, one of my plenteous wounds
Would make thee a good colour.

Famine.

I Desye,
Ie by blood and this, tis that which I destroy,
He starue thee Warre for this.

VVarre.

A Lasse weake Famine;
Why, a Taylo? is the carnest man thou kill?
What liues by bread, thou darst not touch a Farmer,

A Dialogue betweene

Do not his griping Sonne in Lawe that wedd
His daughter with a dowrye of stuff Barnes,
Thou runst away from these, such makes thee flye,
And there thou lightst vpon the Labourers maile,
Breakst into poore mens stomackes, and there diest
The sting of Hunger like a Gallard.

Famine.

B Gallard,
Peace Warre, lest I betray thy monstrous birth
Thou knowest I can deriue thee.

Pestilence.

And I both.

Warre.

As I reprove you both, you bags of leaches,
Thou witch of Famine, and Drab of plagues:
Thou that makest men eate slowly, and feede
On excrements of Beasts, and at one meale
Swallow a hundred pound in very Doies-dung.

Famine.

Wherein thou tellst my glazy and rich power.

Warre.

And thou,

Pestilence.

Warre, Famine, and Pestilence.

Pestilence.

BEware Warre how thou speakest of me,
I haue friends here in England, though some dead
Some still can choiue, where I was borne and bred;

Wherefore be wary in pronouncing me :
Many haue toke my part, whose Carcales
Lye now stinking sadome depe: many sline
Can choiue their Chars in my contagious Quarrell:
Warre, I surpasse the furie of thy Croake,
Say that an Army fortie thousand strong,
Enter thy crimson lists, and of that number,
Perchance the fourth part falls, markt with red death:
Welby, I say fortie thousand in one Battaille,
Full of blew wounds, whose cold clay Bodies looke
Like speckled Marble.

As for lame persons, and maimed Souldiers
Where I outstrip the tow; how many Swarmes
Of brui'd and crackt people did I leaue,
Their Croines soze pierc'd with pestilentiall shot:
Their Arme-pits digd with Blaines, and ulcerous Sores,
Lurking like popponed Bullets in their flesh:
Other some shot in the eye with Carbuncles,
Their Lits as monstrous as the Sarazens.

Warre.

Thou plaguy woman, cease thy infectious brags,
Thou pestilent Trumpet, bale and common murtherer,
What

A Dialogue betweene

What men of marke or memoꝝ haue sell
 In they poze purple Battaille, say thou'lt sayne
 Foure hundred Silkeweauers, poze Silk-wormes, banish
 As many Lapfers, Chamberlaines, and Dilers,
 Darest thou contend with me thou freckled-Barlot,
 And match thy dirty Cloxies, with the Splendor
 Of stinging Tragedies acted by me?
 When I haue dyed the greene flag of the field,
 Red with the blood of Monarchs, and rich states,
 How many Dukes and Earles, haue I drunke by
 At one couragious Robbe: O Summer Duell,
 Thou wast but made as itale hane to kill Batwde,
 To poison Drunkards, vomiting out their soules
 Into the Bulke of Hell, to infect the Corps
 Of Peter-buttende Sericants, such as these
 Menome whole Realmes: and as Whistians say,
 Poysous with poison, must be sozt alway.

Pestilence

WArre, stuit not me with double damned Batwdes,
 O prostituted Barlots, I leaue th: m
 For my French Sephelwe, he raignes ouer thole:
 He shote you both hoto I excell you both,
 Who ever read that Murers dyed in Warro
 Grasping a Sword, or in an yron yeare,
 Languish with famine: but by me surprize
 Euen in their Countinghouses, as they late
 Amongst their golden Bills: when I haue changed
 Their Gold into dead tokens, with the touch
 Of my pale-spotted, and infectious Robbe,
 When with a suddaine start and gasty loke,

Ther

VVarre, Famine, and Pestilence.

They haue left counting Coyne, to count their flesh,
And summe vp their last blury on their Brests,
All their whole wealth, lockt in their bony Chests.

VVarre.

Alike VVarers then the proudest Acts thou playdest
Back-Benny fathers, Conetons rooting Poles,
That haue their gold thrice higher then their soules:
Is this the Top of all thy glorious Laughters,
To ayne them at my princely Passacres?
Poze Dame of Pestilence, and Hag of Famine,
A pittie your weake furies.

Famine.

O If I could eate you both,
I am so toyne with Hunger, and with Rage:
What is not stinky Famine gasping Death,
Worthy to be in ranke with dusty VVarre?
And little Pestilence, are not my Aes
Poze stony, pittiless then thine, or thine?
What ill to dye stamp full of drunken wounds,
Which makes a man reele quickie to his Graue,
Without the sting of Wormes, or the fence
Of chawing Death by pence-meale: vnbone and bone,
In the south part of a poze thort Spintles
Is but a blowy slumber, a reed dreame,
Not worthy to be named a torturing Death,
Nor thine thou most infectious Citty dame,
That so thy Poze art plagued, beards the shape
Of running Pestilence, those which thou striketh

A Dialogue betweene

Where death within fesse dayes upon their hearts,
Delle p[re]sage amendment: when I raigne,
Heauen puts on a bridle, to be as hard in blessing,
As the earth fruitlesse in increasing. Oh,
I rack the vaines and sometimes, lanchs the lungs,
Freeze all the passages, plough by the Gates:
My torment lingers like a spite in Latre,
What are you both to me insolent Evils?
Joyne both your furies, they waigh light to mine.
And what art thou Warre, that so wantest thy god?
But like a Barber-Surgeon that lets blood.

Warre.

Dut Lenten Harlot.

Pestilence.

Out on you both, and if all matter failes,
Hee shoue my glorie in these following Tales.

FINIS.





THE MEETING of Gallants at an

Ordinarie.

*Where the Fatte Host telles Tales at the vpper
ende of the Table.*

Sig. Shuttlecocke.



What Signio; Ginglespur, the first Gal-
lant I mette in Powles, since the one
and thirtie daie, or the decaile of Iuly,
and I may sly call it the decaile, for
there decaile aboue thye hundred that
daye, a shewde Prologue marry to
the Tragedie that followed: and yet I
speake somewhat improperly to call it a Prologue, because
those that died were all out of their Parties: What dare
you venture Sig. at the latter ende of a Fraye now: I
meane not at a Fraye with swordes and Bucklers, but
with loyes & Cardenckles: I protest you are a strong Pet-
talt & Gentle-man, because you do not feare the dangerous
featherbeds of London, nor to be toke in a perillous
Blanchet, or to lie in the fellowes of those heertes
that two dead Bodies were wrapt in some three
monethes before. Says I can tell you, there is many an
honest

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honest house in London wel stockt before with large lin-
nen, where now remaines not above two sheets & a halfe, &
so the good man of the house dyen to lye in the one sheete
for shift, till the payze be washt and dyed: for you knowe
tenne wound out of one house, must for shame carry fve
payze of sheetes with them, being coffind and put to
bord-wages, the onely knights policy to save charges
in victualles. But soft Signior, what may he be that stalkt
by vs now in a ruinous sute of apparell, with his Page
out at Elbowes; tis a strange sight in Powles Signior,
mee thinkes, to see a broken Page follow a leamerent
Maister.

Sig. Ginglespurre.

What doe you wonder at that sight now: tis a Limbe
of the fashion, and as commendable to see ragged af-
ter a plague, as to haue an Ancient full of holes and
Latters after a Battaille: And I haue seene fve hun-
dred of the same rancke in apparell, for most of your
choyce and curious Gallants came by in cloathes, because
they thought it very dangerous to deale with Wallin
this plague-time, being thinell ynough without the
plague: beside there hath bene a great Dearth of Tay-
lors, the proprietie of whose deathes were wonderfull,
for they were toke from Hell to Heauen: All these
were Spottes sufficient to perswade Gentlemen as they
loued their liues, to come by in their old sutes, and be
very respectiue and carefull how they make themselves
new-ones, and to venture vppon a Burchen-lane Hole
and Doublet, were euen to swimme the villanous Tawes
of Charibdis, and fall into the large swallow of Scylla,
the deuouring Catch-pole of the Sea: for their bombast is
thicker ynough in the best and soundest season, and there is
aa

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as much perill betwene the twings and the skirts of one of their Doublets, as in all the liberties of London, take Saint Tooles Parish, and all the most infected places of England.

Well, I haue almost mard their market, for Gentlemen especially, those that loue to smell swate, for they are the worst Spilliners in a Kingdome, and their sutes beare the most sweet perfume of any thing breathing, vnlesse it were an Elirers Night-cappe againe: And indeed that sent is worse then the strong breath of Ajax, where his senen-fold shield is turnde to a Stole with a hole in it. But see yonder, Signior Stramazoon and Signior Kickshawe, now of a suddaine allighted in Powles with their durle Botes, lets encounter them at the first Pillar, in them you shall finde my talke verified, and the fashion truly pictured. What Signior, both well met vpon the old woone Waste, the Stone hath had about six great Bollies since we walke here last together, and layne in as often: Hee thinkes Signiors, this middle of Powles looks strange and bare, like a long-hayde Gentleman newe potolde, washt and shaued, and I may fitly say shaued, for there was neuer a hilly Shauer seene walking here this halfe yeare: especially if he loued his life, he would revolt from Duke Humfrey, and rather be a Wood-cleauer in the Country, then a chest-breaker in London: But what Gallants march by a pace now, Signiors, how are the high waies filld to London.

Sig. Shuttlecocke.

Euery mans head here is full of the Proclamation, and the honest blacke Gentleman the Tearme, hath kept a great Hall at Westminster againe: all the Tauerne in

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Kings-streete will be Empresses, James and Alehouses at least Harquesses a piece: Now Cookes begin to make more Coffins then Carpenters, and burie more whole meate then Saxtons, fewe Bells are heard a nights beside old Iohn Clappers, the Bellmans: And Gentlemen tis was time for you to come, for I know many an honest Trade-man that would haue come downe to you else, and set by their shops in the Country, had you not venturde by the sinner; and he that would haue bzande it, and bene a vaine-glorious likene Asse all the last Sommer, might haue made a Suite of Wattin cheaper in the Plague-time, then a Suite of Marry-muffe in the Learme-time; there was not so much Helmet stirring, as would haue bene a Coner to a little Booke in Arano, or searnde a Lieutenants Boffe-doubt; A French-hood would haue bene more woozied at in London, then the Polonians with their long-tayle Gaberdines, and which was most lamentable, there was neuer a Gilt Spur to be seene all the Strand over, neuer a feather wagging in all Fleetstreete, unless some Country Horse-hoie came by, by meane chance, with a Waine-beaten Feather in his Collrill; the Streets looking for all the world like a Sunday morning at fire of the Clocke, thre houres before service, and the Bells ringing all about London, as if the Coronation day had bene halfe a yeare long.

Sig. Scramazon.

Twill me Gentlemen a very soze discourse.

Sig. Shuttlecocke.

I could tell you now the miserable state and pittifull case of many Trade-men whose wares lay dead on their hands by the burying of their servants, and how those wares helpe especially

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especially very dangerous and perillous Trades that had any wollen about them, for the infection being for the most part a Londoner, loved to be kept warme, and therefore was saide to skip into wollen clothes, and lie smothering in a bag-hayde Rogge, or an old fashionde Coverlid: to confirme which, I have heard of some this last Sommer that would not venture into an Upholsters shoppe amongst dangerous Rugges, and feather-bed-like, no, altho'gh they had bene sure to have bene made Aldermen when they came out againe: such was their infectious conceyte of a harmlesse necessary Coverlid, and would stop their smelly Holes, when they pass through Wadingstreet by a Hike of Wollen Dyapers. And this makes me call to memory the strange and wonderfull dwelling of a Coach that knudded through London the ninth of August, for I put the day in my Table-booke, because it was worthy the registering.

This fearful pittifull Coach was all hung with Ruse from the top to the toe of the Wheele, to keepe the leather and the nayles from infection: the very Houshills of the Coach-horses were stopt with beech-grace, that I pittied the poor Beasts being almost windlesse, and having then more Grace in their Holes, then their Paister had in all his bones, and thus they ran through Cornewell-inn in the middle of the street, with such a violent Trample as if the Diuell had bene Coachman.

Sig Kickshow.

A very excellent Jolly; that the name of the Plague should take the wall of a Coach, and drive his Whorship downe into the Channell.

But let how we have lost our selves, Powles is changed into Gallants, and those which I saw come by in old

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Lassata Doublets yesterday, are slipt into mine yardes of
Mottin to day.

Sig. Stramazon.

And Signiors, who in especiall care haue sent our
Pages to enquire out a payze of honest cleane Taylors,
which are hard to be found; because there was such a num-
ber of Butchers the last Sommer: and I thinke it one
of Hercules Labours, to finde two whole Taylors a-
bout London, that hath not bene plagued for their
stealing, or else for selling of false fads, which paye out
before their Dealons.

Sig. Ginglespur.

But what, dare you venture to an Ordinarie Barber,
the Quarter-Jackes are vp for a Leauen; I know an ho-
nest Host about London, that hath barreld by nettes for
Gallants, like Pickled Oysters, marry your Ordinarie
will cost you two shillings, but the Tales that he in Wyne
will be worth sixpence of the money: for you know his
great charges to keepe Tales long, and therefore he must
be somewhat considered for the laying out of his Lan-
guage: for blinde Gue you know has six-pence at the least
for groping in the Darke.

Sig. Stramazon.

Pen; but Signior Gingle-spur, you see we are altogether
unfurnished for an Ordinarie till the Taylor cut vs out and
new mould vs: to rancke amongst Gallants in old Apparel,
wherby their very Apish Pages would breake Jests upon our
Elbowes, and dominiers ouer our woyme doublets most
tyrannically.

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Sig. Gingle-Spur.

Wah. Signior Stramazoon, you turne the Bias the
wryong way, you doubt where there is no doubt, I will
conduct you to an Ordinarie where you shall eate priuats
amongst Elex Gentlemen of your fash'oned ranche in Ap-
parell, who as yet waite for fresh Cloathes, as you for
new Taylers, & account it moze commendable to come vp
in leamerent Sutes, and whole Bodies, then to haue in-
fectionous toynie Bodies, and louny Sutes.

Sig. Kickshaw.

Itt be so, Signior, (harke a Quarter strikes) wee
are for you, we will follow you, for I haue to heare Tales
when a merrie Cozpulent Post bandies them out of his
Flop-mouth; but how far must we march now like tattered
Souldiers after a Fray, to their fancies:

Sig. Shuttlecocke.

Wah, if you throw your eyes but a little before you, you
may see the signe and token that beckens his Guest, to him;
do you heare the Clapper of his Tongue now?

Sig. Stramazoon.

Soote, the mad Bulchin squeakes & yeller the the Spaurce
Well at Westminster.

Sig. Shuttlecocke.

Say, now you shall heare him ring lustily at our entrance,
stop your eares if you loue the, for one of his words will run
about your bzaines louder the the Drum at the Beare-garde.

Entering

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respects

Entring into the Ordinarie.

Host.

What Gallants are you come, are you come: welcome Gentlemen; I have newes enough for you all, welcome againe, and againe: I am so fatte and purse, I can not speake loude enough, but I am sure you heare me, or you shall heare me: Welcome, welcome Gentlemen, I have Tales, and Quakes for you: seate your selves Gallantes, enter Boyes & Bearded with dishes and Platters: I will be with you againe in a trice ere you looke for me.

Sig. Shuttlecocke.

How Signior: how like you mine Host: did I not tell you he was a madde round knave, and a merrie one too: and if you chauce to talke of fatte Sir Iohn Old-castle, he wil tell you, he was his great Grand-father, & not much unlike him in Daunch, if you marke him well by all descriptions: and see where hee appeares againe. Hee told you he would not be longe from you, let his humoz haue scope enough I pray, and there is no doubt but his Tales will make vs laugh ere we be out of our Porringe: Welcome now mine Host.

Host.

O my Gallant of Gallants, my Top and Top Gallant, how many Hozes hast thou kilde in the Countrie with the hunting of Perloitries: goe too, was I with you, you madde wagges: and I haue bene a merrie knave this fye and forty years, my Bullyes, my Boyes.

Sig

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Sig Kickshaw.

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Plea, but my honest-larded Host, where be these Tales
now?

Host.

I haue them at my tongues end my Gallant Bullies of
fue and twenty, my dainty liberall Landlozds I haue them
for you: you shall neuer take me vnprovided for Gentle-
men. I keepe them like Anchouises to relish your drinke
wel: stop your mouthes gallants, and I wil stiffe your eares
I warrant you, and first I begin with a Tiplie Winter in
London.

C

OF



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Of a Vintner in London, dying
in a humour.



This discourse that followes, Gentle-
men-gallants, is of a light-headed
Vintner, who scorning to be onely
drunke in his owne Seller, would get
up betimes in the morning, to be
drowne of his Rose thrice before ene-
ning: he was a man of all Hauernes,
and excellent Musitian at the Hack-
but, and your onely dawner of the canaries: this strange
Wine-sucker had a humour this time of infection, to saine
himselfe sick, and indeed he had swallowed downe many
Hauerne-tokens, and was infected much with the plague
of drunkenness: but howsoeuer, sick he would be, for the
humour had possessed him, when to the comfort of his
poore heart, he payde downe a leauen shillings in Rose of
Solace, more then would haue charge all the sick persons
in the Pest-house; and yet for all that he felt himselfe ill at
his stomacke afterwards, wherefoze his request was, re-
porting himselfe very feeble, to haue two men hired with
shence a piece, to transport him ouer the way to his friends
house: but when he saw he was deluded, and had no body
to carry him, he flung his Crowne about him very desperat-
ly, toke his owne legges, and away he went with himselfe
as cozoniously, as the best stalker in Europe: where being
allighted, not long after, he rounded one in the eare in pri-
uate, and bad that the great Bell should be tolde for him,
the great Bel of all, and with all possible speede that might
be: that done, he gagged open the Windows, and toben
the

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the Bell was tolling, cried, louder yet; I heare thee not
Paister Bell: then strutting vp and doting the chamber,
spake to the Audiente in this wise.

Is possible a man should walke in such perfect memory
and haue the Bell toll'd for him? sure I neuer heard of any
that did the like before me.

Thus by tolling of the great Bell, all the Parish rang
of him, diuerse opinions went of him, and not without cause
or matter to worke vpon: In conclusion, within setue dayes
after, he was found to be the man indeed, whose part he did
but play before; his Pulses were angry with him, and be-
gan to beate him; all his Poyes fell out with him; the
Bell toll'd for him in sadnes, rung out in gladnes, and there
was the end of his drunken madnes; such a ridiculous hu-
mour of dying was neuer heard of before: and I hope ne-
uer shall be againe, now he is out of England,

Sig. Stramazon.

This was a strange fellow mine Host, and worthy
Stowes Chronicle.

Host.

My Gallants Ile sit you, and now I will serue in ano-
ther as good as Vineger and Pepper to your Roast beefe.

Sig. Kickshawe.

Lets haue it; lets taste on it mine Host, my noble sat-
ur.

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How a yong fellow was euen bespoken and iested to death by Harlots.



Here was a company of intollerable light Women assembled together, who all the time of infection, lined vpon Citizens seruants: yong Nouices that made their Paisters Baggs die of the Plague at home, whilst they tooke Sanctuarie in the Countre. Mistake me not, I meane not the best rancke of seruants; but vnderlings, and bogish Doltes, such as haue not witte to distinguish Companies, & auoyde the temptation of Harlots, which make men moze miserable then Dericke. These light-heide Wagtailes who where armed (as they tearme it) against all weathers of Plague and Pe-tilence; carrying alwaies a French Superfedics about them for the sicknesse, were determined being halfe Tiptie, and as light now in their Heads, as any where else: to execute a Jest vpon a yong vnfruitfull fellow which should haue had the Banes of Patrimonie asked betwene him and a woman of their Religion, which would haue proued Bane indeede, and worse then Kattes-bane, to haue bene coupled with a Harlot: But note the euent of a bespeaking Jest, these women gaue it out that he was dead, sent to the Werton of the Church in all hast to haue the Bell rung out for him, which was suddainly heard, and many coming to enquire of the Werton, his name was spread ouer all the parish, (his little drearning of that dead report being as then in perfect health & memozie,) on the morrow as the custome is, the Searchers came to the house where he laye to discharge their office, asking for the dead Bodie, and in what Room it lay, who hearing himself named, in such a cold shape almost stricke dead indeede with their wordes, replied with

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with a haſtie Countenance (foz he could play a Ghoſt well,) that he was the man: At which the Searchers ſtarted, and thought he had bene new riſen from vnder the Table; when vomiting out ſome two or three deepe-ſeicht Darbs; he aſkt what villaine it was which made that Jeſt of him: but whether the conceit ſtrucke cold to his heart or whether the ſtrumpets were Witches I know not, (the next daye to a Harlot is a Bawde, or a Witch,) but this yonger damned the ſhaking of one ſtate within ſeue daies after, and then the Searchers loſt not their labours, and therefore I conclude thus.

That Fate lights ſuddaine tha'ts beſpoke before,
A Harlots tongue is worſe then a Plague-fore.

Tell ſinde my little round and thicke Hoſt, haue you any more of theſe in your ſatte Budget?

I haue them, my Gallant Bullies, and here comes one ſilly ſoz ſawce to your Capon.



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Of one that fell drunke off from his Horse,
taken for a Londoner, dead.



In a certaine countrey, towne not farre
of, there was a bone companion lighted
amongst good fellows, as they call good
fellows now a dayes, which are those
that can drinke best, for your excellent
drunkard, is your notable Gallant, and
he that can passe away cleare without
paying the Host in the Chimney-Coz-
ner, he is the king of Cannes, and the Emperour of Ale-
houses, this fellow tying his Horse by the Bridle upon the
red Lattis of the window, could not bydle himselfe so well,
but afterward proved more Beast then his Horse, being
so overwhelmed with whole Cans, humpes, and such drun-
ken devices, that his English Crowne weighed lighter by
ten graines at his coming forth, then at his entering in:
and it was easier now for his Horse to get by a Top of
Powles, then he to get by upon his Horse, the sturvy plaide
muck-holy-day with him, and made a sole of his foot:
at last with much ado he fell slounce into the Saddle, and a-
way he scudded out at towne's end, where he thought eue-
ry Tree he saw hap bene rising by to stop him: so strangely
are the senses of drunkards tost and transported, that at
the very instant, they thinke the worlds downe againe; so
this staggering Ponker imagined he was riding vpon a
Sea-mare: but before he was Tenne Gallops from the
towne-side, his byiane plaide him a Jades trick, and kicht
him cuer, downe he fell. When the Horse seer the
the maister stood still and wonderd at him for a Beast; but
durst not say so much; by and by Passengers passing too
and fro, beholding his lamentable downefall, call
out

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out to one another to view that pittifull Spectacle, people flockt about him more and more, but none durst venture within two Holes length, nor some within the length of Powles: every one gave vp his verdict, and all concluding in one that he was some coward Londoner, who thought to fly from the sicknes, which as it seemed, made after him amayne, and stricke him beside his horse: thus all agreed in one tale, some bemoaning the death of the man, other some, wishing that all Curmudgins, Demisfathers, & for sord Murtherers were serued of the same sauce: who taking their flight out of London, left payze Silke-weavers, Tapers, and Water-bearers, to fight it out against soze enemies. In a word, all the folowe was in an hyrre, the Constable standing aloofe off, stopping his Nose like a Gentleman-viher, durst not come within two Stones cast by no meanes: no, if he might presently haue bene made Constable in the hundred: Every Townsman at his wife Non-plus, nothing but looking and wondering, yet some wiser then some, and those I thinke were the Watch-men, told them flatly and plainly, that the body must be removed in any case, and that Extempore: it would infect all the Ayre round about else. These hoysens seemed to haue some wit yet, and their politick counsell was toke, and embzest amongst them, but all the cunning was how to remove him without taking the winde of him: whereupon two or three weather wise Stinkards pluckt vp handbills of Grasse, and tost them into the Ayre, and then whooping and hollowing, told them the winde blew sweetly for the purpose, for it stode full on his Back-part, then all agreed to remove him with certaine long Instruments, sending home for hokes and strong Ropes, as if they had bene pulling downe a house of fire: but this was rather a Tilt-boate cast away, and all the people dyotoned within

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within: to conclude, these long deuices were brought to remoue him without a wylt; when by mere chaunce past by one of the wisest of the towne next the Constable, so; so it appeared afterwards, by the holines of his deuice, who being certified of the Royle, and what they went about to doe, brake into these words openly.

Why my good fellowes, friends and honest neighbours, tell you what you venture vpon, will you needs brake the plague to you, by hook or by crooke, you will say perhaps your poles are long ynough. Why you neuer heard or read, that long deuices take somers infection, and that there is no silder thing in the world, then the smell of a Royle to bring a man to his end, that you all know.

Wherefore to auoid al farther inconueniences, dangerous and infectious, hearken to my explot: If you drag him along the fields, our hounds may take the sent of him, a very dangerous matter: if you burie him in the fields, a hundred to one but the ground will be rotten this winter; wherefore your onely way must be to let him lie as he doth, without moving, and eury good fellowe to bring his Arme-full of straw, heape it vpon him, and round about him, and so in conclusion burne out the infection as he lies: eury man therto vpon his old Cap at this, Straw was brought and shodone vpon him by Arme-fulls, all this while the drolund fellow lay still without moving, dreaming of full Canes, Capsters, and Ware-barrells. when presently they put fire to the strawe, which kept such a bragging and a cracking, that vponward the dunghard, like a thing made of fire-workes, the flame playing with his Nose, and his Beard looking like flaming Apolles, as our Poets please to tearme it, who burst into these railing words when he spied the fire hissing about his pate.

What is the Top of Powles on fire againe? or is there a fire in the Powle-head? why then Djaulers, quench me with

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with double Dore. The folkes in the Towne all in amaze, some running this way, some that way, knew him at last by his staggering tongue, for he was no far dweller, though they imagined he had dwelt at London, so stepping his Boyle which ran away from the sicke Planet his Quister, as though the Diuell had backt him, euerie one laught at the Jest, closed it vp in an Alehouse, where before Cushing the most part of them were all as drunke as himselfe.

Sit you merrie still, Gentlemen Gallants, your Dish of Tales is your best chere, and to please you my noble Wollies, I would doe that I did not this thirtie yeares, Caper, Caper, my Gallant Boyes, although I cracke my Shins, and my Guts sinke a handfull lower. He dote, my lustie Lads, He dote.

With that the Host gaue a layie Caper, and broke his Shins for Joye, the Reckoning was appeared, the Rowne discharged, and so I leaue them in Powles where I founde them.

Host.

And now I returne to more pleasant Arguments, Gentlemen Gallants, to make you laugh ere you be quite out of your Capen: this that I discourse of now is a prettie merrie accident that happened about Shoreditch, although the intent was sad and Tragical, yet the event was mirthfull and pleasant: The godman (or rather as I may better term him, the bad-man of a House) being sorely pesterd with the death of seruants, and to auoyde all suspicion of the Pestilence from his house aboue all others, bid very craftily and subtilly compounde with the Quisters of the West-carr, to fetch away by night as they pass by, all that should
D chance.

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chance to die in his house, having thre or foure seruants
downte at once, and told them that he knew one of them
would be ready for them by that time the Cart came by, and
to cleare his house of all suspicion, the dead body should be
laide vpon a stall, some five or sixe houses of: where, there
they should entertaine him and take him in amongst his
dead companions: To conclude, night being ou-ward, and
the seruant concluded his life, and according to their ap-
pointment was calld to be made knight of the Pest-
cart. But here comes in the excellent Jest, Gentlemen: Gal-
lants of fine and thientie, about the darke and pittiefull sea-
son of the night: a shipwacke drunkard, (or one drunkard
at the signe of the Ship,) newly cast from the shore of an
Alehouse, and his byaines sore beaten with the cruel tem-
pests of Ale and Beere, fell floundring vpon a lowe stall
hard by the house, there being little difference in the Car-
casse, for the other was dead, and he was dead-drunk:
(the woyle death of the twaine) there taking by his
drunken Lodging, and the Pest-cart coming by, they
made no more ado, but taking him for the dead Bodie,
placed him amongst his companions, and away they
hurried with him to the Pest-house: but there is an old
Proverbe, and now confirmed true, a Drunken man
never takes harme: to the Approbation of which, for all
his lying with infectious Rascallmen, the next morning
a little before he should be buried, he awoke and yaloude
as wholesome, as the best Clinker in all Banburie,
and returned to his olde Womitt againe, and was drunkard
in Shoreditch before Evening.

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Gingle-spur.

This was a prettie Commedie of Erroze, my
round Host.

Host.

O my Hollies, there was many such a part plaide
bpon the Stage both of the Citty and the Sub-
burbs.

For to see my Gallants, some did noble Employts,
whose names I haue to publish, in hiring Porters and
base Whittes to carrie their seruants out in Warkes to
White-chappell, and such out places to paye mens
houses that worke to them, and therefore durst do
no otherwile but receiue them, though to their bitter
ruines, and detestable raysonnesse, fearing to displease
them for their Muenige afterwarde, as in putting
their worke from them to others for their bitter vndo-
ing: how many such wankes thinke you haue bene
plagued in the same fashion onely to entertaine Custo-
mers, to keepe their shops open, and the foreheads of their
dozes from (Lord haue mercy vpon vs) many I could
set downe here and publish them to the world, to-
gether with all their strange shifts, and uncharitable
deuises.

Whereof one especially, notable and politicke may
enricade you to the rest and dize you into Imagination
of many the like: so one to burie foure or fve persons out
of his house, and yet neither the Sexton of the same
Parish, nor any else of his Neighbours in the strate
where he dwelles in to haue intelligence of it, (but

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all things be they never so lurking, breake forth at the last) this being the cunning and close practise politickly to indent with the Sexton of some other Church (as dwelling in one Parish) to see the Sexton of another by a pretty piece of Silver, to burie all that die in the same house in his Churchyard, which boorde all suspicion of the Plague from his Shop, which may be at the least some five or seuen Parish Churches off; or at another to practise the like; nothing but compounding with a ravenous Sexton that lins upon dead Carcasses, for no Trades were so much in vse as Coffinmakers and Sextons, they were the Lawyers the last Vacation, and had there boimfull fees of their Grave-clients: wherefore they prayed all the Countrey-folkes at Hartford did, (It report be no lye) very impiously and barbarously, that the sickness might last till the last Christmas; and this was their uncharitable meanings, and the unchristian effect of their wishes: that they might haue the Plague kept at Hartford, and the Sextons there Plague still here in London; but Winchester made a Cole of Hartford, and ended the strike: Thus like Gouerners of Nature they wisht in their Barbarous hearts, that their desires might take such effects: and for the greedy Lucre of a few private and meane persons, to sucke by the life of thousands.

Many other marvellous events happened, both in the City, & else where. As for example, In dead mans place at Saint Mary ouerus; a man seruant being buried at seuen of the clocke in the morning, and the graue standing open for more dead Commodities, at foure of the clocke in the same evening, he was got vp alive againe by strange miracle: which to be true and certaine, hundreds of people can testifie that saw him act like a countrey Ghost in his white prackled

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peackled Whites. And it was not a thing unknowne on the
other side, that the Countries were Striken, and that very
griuously, many dying there; many going thither hke wils
fell downe suddainly and dyed, men on Horsebacke riding
thither, strangely Striken in the midd of ther iourneys, so:ett
eyther to light off, or fall off, and dye: and so: certain and sub-
stantiall report, many the last yeare were buried neare vnto
bye-waies in the same order, in their cloaths as they were,
booted and spurd: euen as they lighted off, rold into Di-
ches. Pits and Hedges so lamentably, so rudely, and un-
christianlike, that it woud haue made a pittifull, and re-
morsefull eye blood-hot, to se such a ruthfull and disorderd
Obiect: and a true heart bled outright, (but not such a one
as mine, Gallants, for my heart bleeds nothing but Ale-
gant,) how commonly we saw herr, the husband and the
wife buried together, a weeping Spectacle containing much
so:row: how often were whole households emptied to fill w
Oranges: and how soze the violence of that stroke was, that
it strooke tenne persons out of one house, being a thing breas-
mles apprehend and thinke vpon; with many marvellous
and strange Accidents. But let not this make you

sad, Gallants: sit you merry stil: Here my
dainty Gallies, Ile put you all in
one Goblet, and wash all
these Tales in a Cup
of sack.

F I N I S.